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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1769, and is now in its one hundred and forty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting news, well-selected literary and valuable features, well-selected musical and valuable features, and household amusements. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$10 a year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news-rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MAIDSTONE LODGE No. 49, N. G. O. P., John Allen, Warden; James H. Godbold, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James McPhail, President; Alex. McClellan, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

REEDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., Albert C. Chaudhury, Chancellor Commander; Daniel P. Ball, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. H. R. of P., Sir Knight Captain Charles H. Ellis, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

Teachers' Fund Entertainment

Masonic Hall was well filled Thursday evening with an appreciative audience, assembled there to listen to a concert for the benefit of the Teachers' Retirement Fund. The programme consisted of musical and literary entertainment. A ladies' quartette, consisting of the Misses Marland, Buchanan, Titus and Bailey sang several numbers, which were rendered in a very pleasing manner. Miss Lillian Maher gave several readings, which delighted her hearers. Messrs. Rankin, Walker, Sprague and Tilley received a hearty envoe for their selections, which was well deserved.

Special mention should be made of the solos of Messrs. F. S. Sprague and L. B. Walker, which were delightful to sit and listen to. It is regretted that one has not the opportunity to listen to them oftener in Newport.

Much credit is due the committee who had charge of the entertainment, and it is to be hoped that another such a treat may be offered the people of Newport again at an early date.

New Pastors.

The Southern New England Methodist Conference which met in Providence this year has completed its sessions, the appointments of ministers being announced on Tuesday. Rev. Thomas E. Chaudhury will have charge of the First Methodist Church in this city, and Rev. C. Harley Smith of the Thames Street Church. Rev. A. W. Kingsley is assigned to Middletown; Rev. P. M. Vinton, who has held the pastorate of the Thames Street Church for several years, goes to North Easton, Mass., and Rev. J. H. Allen goes from the First Church to East Weymouth, Mass.

Mr. B. W. Pearce, who has resided here more than half his life-time, next Monday enters upon the eighty-second year of his life. Mr. Pearce, who resides at No. 15 Farewell street, has been obliged, by the infirmities of age, to live retired from the activities of life for more than two years past. During that time he has employed himself in marking up books of articles culled from the papers, and has thus kept time from hanging heavily on his hands. He has a library of a large number of these books.

The Industrial Trust Company of Providence have secured control of the National Bank of Rhode Island of Newport, which will be known as the Newport Branch of the Industrial Trust Company. Mr. Thomas P. Peckham will be the resident manager and the present force of clerks will be retained. The present board of directors will be the Board of managers of the branch. The change of ownership will go into effect on Monday next.

Aquidneck Chapter, O. E. S., gave a pleasing social entertainment in the Masonic Building Tuesday evening. Living pictures were shown and were followed by a collation and dancing. The occasion was a very enjoyable one.

Ex-Mayor Jabez C. Knight, of Providence died at his home in that city yesterday morning in his 85th year. He was well known in this city where he owned and occupied a summer residence.

DeLois & Eldridge have sold for Mr. Arthur Astor Carey a lot of land on the northerly side of Carey street to Mr. Patrick Costello.

Simon Hazard has rented the lower half of the premises, 26 North Newport avenue, to Charles Knowe, for Mrs. M. J. Russell.

Simon Hazard has sold for Clarence B. Pierce and wife, the cottage and lot on the northerly side of Channing street, to George W. Ritchie. The lot is bounded northerly on Channing street, 57 feet; easterly, by land of William Shepley, 35 feet; southerly, by land of William Shepley, 61 feet; and westerly, by Dartmouth street, 62 feet.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented by the year for Mrs. Lappin Condon, a store at No. 147 Thames street, to Carmine D. Fiers and Alfonso di Talo.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented a set of offices at one end of Mrs. M. C. Wilson's boarding house, at No. 30 Old Beach Road, to Dr. Thomas A. Kenefick.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented lower half of the double tenement house at 33 Corne street, belonging to Mrs. Carrie Kelley, to J. Durkee.

Simon Hazard has rented for Joshua Stacey, his land on the easterly side of Wiltar avenue to Jereulah Sullivan, and the lot on the corner of Wiltar and Wellington avenues, to James O'Brien, for one year.

DeLois & Eldridge have sold for Mrs. Stuyvesant LeRoy, a lot on the northerly side of Parker avenue, near Belle Vue avenue, containing 34.975 square feet of land, to Edward J. Betweld, of New York.

Miss Minnie McFadden, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William T. Howland, on Narragansett avenue, has returned to her home in Boston.

The old wooden building, the long and solid of the 30-year bonds of this City, was sold for less than forty thousand dollars, amount of such defacement, at such rate of interest as to prevail at such times and upon such terms as the City Council had provided, the proceeds of such sale

City Council.

Passing of the National Bank of Rhode Island Raises Discussion About the City Depository.

The April meeting of the city council was held Tuesday evening, all members of both branches being in their seats. The principal matter up for discussion was the question of transferring the city's deposits from the National Bank of Rhode Island which has been merged with the Industrial Trust Company of Providence. The matter was finally left in abeyance.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

	\$100.00
City Department,	33.92
Streets and Highways,	123.22
Police Department,	37.57
Watch and Police,	22.71
Health and Sanitation,	1,020.88
Public Schools,	8,099.32
Public Parks,	20.31
Charitable Institutions,	12.01
Public Grounds,	50.02
Posto-Seminary Fund,	56.21
Public Buildings,	23.62
Lighting Streets,	23.50
Books, Stationery and Printing,	23.11
Books, Stationery and Printing,	12.11
	816.14

In the common council a communication was received from the city treasurer calling attention to the merging of the National Bank of Rhode Island with the Industrial Trust Company. The city treasurer stated that the city held in trust 41 shares of stock of this bank and recommended that the offer of \$215 per share be accepted, and that the city funds on deposit in that bank be continued with the Newport Branch of the Industrial Trust Company.

A report was received from the committee on finance recommending by two resolutions authorizing the sale of stock and transfer of deposits as recommended by the city treasurer. The first passed without opposition and the second was adopted by a vote of 14 to 1 after a motion to lay on the table had been lost.

The board of aldermen had discussed the matter at the same time. A motion to make the city deposits with the Newport Branch of the Industrial Trust Company was lost and a motion to make the deposit with the National Exchange Bank was then carried. This action of the board of aldermen was ruled out of order by the president of the common council as the lower board had already taken action in the matter. No concurrent action was taken in the matter of transfer of the deposit.

Resolutions were adopted authorizing the construction of granite sidewalks on the north side of East Bowery street between Freebody street and Middleton avenue, and on the west side of Charles street between Washington square and Marlboro street.

Petitions for granite sidewalks were received and referred to the committee on streets and highways: Of A. S. Sherman and others for west side of Kay street, between Touro and Bull streets; of Trinity Church and others for west side of High street from Church to Touro street; and the same committee was authorized to construct walks on Spring and Thames streets, where the committee deem it necessary. To the same committee were referred petitions for curbing Middleton avenue, between Bath and Metton roads, and for repair to Underwood court.

Quarterly reports of various city officers were received. A claim was received from Sylvester W. Marden for injuries to his horse as a result of the holes in the Thames street pavement.

It was referred to the finance committee. A resolution was adopted authorizing the payment of the election supervisors for their services.

ALDRIMANIC.

The special committee on the Hogan building on Franklin street made a partial report stating that an investigation had been made and that improvement was promised. The committee was continued. The claim of Thomas W. Duffy of \$9.50 for damages by dogs was reported correct and ordered paid. A number of exhibition licenses were granted for balls.

Licenses were granted as follows:

Intelligence Office—Annie Mitchell, D. M. Russo, L. Murberg; Isagatelle table—James Connally; music—Charles Mcdermott; tavern—Patrick Sheehan, Joseph M. Kelly, Edward Shields, Joseph T. Donovan, Charles H. Sullivan, Ernest Voigt, William Yates, Ludwig Luth, James Murphy, F. J. Sampson, Frederick Merchant, James Connally, Dexter B. Burkinshaw, Rosalie Hertzog, William D. Rice, John Alexander, Charles Rittell, John C. Atwater, Timothy O'Connell, Patrick R. Condon, William Quigley, William S. O'Brien, Patrick Sheehan, Daniel J. McGowan and James A. Connealy; eating house—Carl Hertgen, Hugh Flanagan, William H. Anderson, Jacob Aronson, Lemuel H. Williams, John T. Webster, Casey & Anderson, George A. Seaman, James A. Willis and Adam Schmidt.

There was an informal discussion of various subjects in the common council while waiting for the board of aldermen to transact its business.

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Miss Minnie McFadden, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William T. Howland, on Narragansett avenue, has returned to her home in Boston.

Personal Work Counted.

Republicans and Democrats Split Even on the City Ticket at Wednesday's Election—Industrial School Proposition Alone Goes Through.

Wednesday was election day. It was an ideal day for a large vote, and although local interest seemed to be about at a standstill, a heavy vote was expected. Besides the candidates for state officers and members of the general assembly, there were five bond issues to be voted on—City Hall, Deficit, Coggeshall avenue, Esplanade and Townsend Industrial School.

The party managers and various candidates were busy during the day, and carriages were kept busy conveying voters to and from the polls. Runners were in circulation about the city during the day regarding alleged combines, cutting, and a general tendency to throw down the propositions. Few suspected, however, that the election would result as it did.

The returns show three Republicans and three Democrats elected. Senator Horton and Representatives Sheehan and Wetherell were successful on the Republican ticket, while the Democrats elected Messrs. Clarke, Murphy and Crosby. The last named was in the delegation from this city last year, being the only Democrat elected. Of the numerous propositions to issue bonds, but one was successful, that to issue \$15,000 for additions to the Townsend Industrial School in order to make available the Cole's fund for professorship of natural sciences. The esplanade was snowed under by over 600 majority. The \$74,000 which the city council decided was necessary to make good the deficit was not given them nor was the \$10,000 necessary to complete and furnish the new city hall. The Coggeshall avenue proposition was not popular even in the fifth ward.

The number of straight party tickets that were voted was probably in a small minority. The result is accounted for in various ways. Several of the successful candidates secured many votes by their personal popularity and persistent solicitation, while the knife was undoubtedly used freely in other cases. The second ward, the stronghold of the Republican party, shows some curious results. Andrew, the Republican candidate for fifth representative, had in that ward 21 majority, and Shepley's majority was also very small. Colonel Horton, who had the largest majority on the Republican side, was elected by 430 votes, while Mr. Crosby, who led the Democrats in the running, had 422 majority to his credit.

The election is likely to be far-reaching in its results and will have much effect upon the nominating for mayor and city council next fall. The results in this city were as follows, the votes on legislative candidates and bond propositions being given according to the official count of the board of aldermen:

For Senator.

WARD 1 2 3 4 5 Total.

J. W. Horton, R. 65 60 53 32 89 283

C. H. Koeing, Jr., 235 257 247 37 319 1,020

Plurality for Horton 182.

For First Representative.

W. J. Glynn, D. 208 275 271 47 65 1,017

W. P. Sheehan, Jr., 187 57 481 274 36 1,008

Plurality for Sheehan 91.

For Second Representative.

W. E. Munford, D. 274 291 281 389 441 1,058

J. H. Wetherell, R. 231 511 452 355 365 1,041

Plurality for Wetherell 187.

For Third Representative.

W. P. Clarke, Jr. 207 200 229 270 261 982

G. E. Vernon, D. 165 171 245 235 221 916

Plurality for Clarke 47.

For Fourth Representative.

J. T. Murphy, D. 302 321 310 223 354 1,061

W. Shepley, D. 302 411 320 282 227 1,024

Plurality for Murphy 87.

For Fifth Representative.

P. A. Andrews, R. 302 221 280 270 160 1,015

J. H. Crosby, D. 287 220 282 235 350 1,027

Plurality for Crosby 42.

THE BOND ISSUE.

Shall the City Council be empowered to authorize the issue and sale of bonds of the City of Newport denominated at \$100,000 and on such terms and conditions as said City Council may prescribe; the issue value of the proceeds to be applied to the uses and for the purposes following: that is, to such of said uses and purposes as shall be approved by a majority of the votes of said electors voting thereon. Name.

For the more thorough and complete equipment and furnishing of the new City Hall—Forty thousand dollars.

For the repair of the City Hall—Forty thousand dollars.

For the repair of the City Hall—Forty thousand dollars.

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For the repair of the City Hall—

SPIDER'S CHAPS.

By WOLCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD.

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CHAPTER IV
IN WHICH THE CATTLE ARE STAMPEDDED BY
LORENA'S GANO.

I had not an idea as to Spider's probable whereabouts. The desert was so very large and Spider so very minute a speck upon its surface that it struck me after we had started out that our quest was a singularly hopeless one. Lee, however, differed from me.

"I don't see no trouble in knowin' where ter go," he said. "Pug Hollis, he'll be pretty sure ter strike ter 'rds Agua Caliente, an' Spider'll sure be in his wake. All we got ter do is ter go to Agua Caliente, too; that's all. If anything's wrong with that kid's alive, he'll be makin' some noise or other ter let us know. He's a star at makin' a noise. Spider is. It's right in his line."

By this time we were well away from the camp, out of sight of the fire. But for the pale star that hung burning brightly over our heads I would not have had the faintest notion of the direction in which we were going. But Lee, with the plainman's unerring instinct, toiled steadily along without ever closing his eyes. Lee was not a talkative person. The only sound that broke the oppressive stillness was the dismal yelp of a distant coyote, the mournful pad of the hoofs of our mounts as they fell on the soft sand and the regular click of the spur chains against our heavy wooden stirrups. Only once did Lee speak.

"Moun' a comin' up. See! That's fine. O' tell what we're doin' now!" He pointed to a silvery sheen on the dark blue horizon, into which a few sunbeams later the full moon climbed, streaking the cutting surface of the desert with bright light and blackest shadow and silencing the steady forms of the tree cactus that studded the desert thickly. A faint white line a mile ahead marked the course of the trail, toward which, by tacit consent, we turned our horses.

Suddenly Lee held up his hand as a signal that I should listen. At first I could hear nothing. Then, sounding faint in the distance, there came three pops of a pistol.

"It's him—somebody what wants help, anyhow," called Lee. "Over be' you' the rig, that they are. We can't see from the top Lo's bustle—quick!" Putting spurs to our horses, we soon were climbing a long, stony ridge that for miles divided the plain, concealing one half from the other.

Our horses stopped of their own accord as they reached the top. At first we could see nothing. Then my attention was attracted by a moving blot near the edge of the black shadow thrown by the ridge. As we looked the blot passed out of the shadow and was at once defined as a bunch of cattle driven by three horsemen toward Agua Caliente. Who these men were we could not tell at that distance, but they were not of our force, and one of them, from the peaked crown of his hat, was probably a Mexican. They were driving the cattle rapidly. One of the men stopped, and, turning, looked intently in the direction from which he had come. One of his companions came back and joined him. Then, after a moment, they both wheeled and galloped back to the herd, where the third man seemed anxiously to await them. Evidently the three were uneasy about something.

"They think somebody is a-follerin' 'em," said Lee softly in my ear. "They were not far from the truth if they did think so. A horseman emerged from the shadow, and the brilliant moonlight fell on the diminutive form and bright, narrow cap of Spider.

The men saw Spider nearly as soon as

I. Two of them at once pulled up their horses and stopped, evidently intending to bar the way. Spider stopped also.

The men rode on, and Spider followed, preserving his distance unchanged.

They repeated this maneuver two or three times until at last the man with the Mexican hat lost his temper. He turned suddenly and darted after Spider at the full speed of his horse.

Firing three quick shots at his pursuer, Spider whirled about, and, with a yell of delight, vanished into the shadow.



"Hooyah!" he yelled at the top of his shrill voice, disappearing as completely as though the earth had swallowed him. Evidently recognizing the wisdom of getting closer to an adversary who, unseen himself, can still see, the Mexican turned his horse toward the herd. Emerging once more from the shadow, Spider followed as before.

Just what Spider was trying to do I did not know. It was plain, however, that he was in some need of assistance as there were three men opposed to him. I was about to start at full speed down the hill when Lee stopped me.

"Hol' on!" he whispered excitedly, catching my horse by the bridle. "Don't start ter run down this yer slope—you'll only break yer neck, an' then you won't be no good to nobody. That's plenty er time. That kid, he's just worryin' them three chaps into a fit—without no danger to himself too. Don't you see how he keeps jns' outer pistol shot? Take it easy down the slope. Once we're on the level, then we'll rush 'em."

Our horses picked their own way down the dark, low-lying hillside. When we reached the plain, there was an instant's pause. Lee drew his rifle from the becket that rested under his left knee.

"Ready?" he asked. I was quite as ready as I was likely to be, but he waited for my reply. Dropping the reins on the neck of his horse, he sent home his spurs and dashed out into the moonlight, yelling like an Indian and pumping his repeating rifle with both hands as he went. As we came Spider swerved his horse and drew his pistol. Then he recognized us.

"Hooyah!" he yelled at the top of his shrill voice. "I knowed you'd come. We got 'em! Whoop! Yip, yip, yip! Come on! I been a-follerin' them thieves all night."

Lee and I were riding side by side. Spider was some little distance ahead, shouting these remarks over his shoulder. He intended to stay ahead, too, for, ride as we might, neither Lee nor I could catch him. The three men who were driving our cattle did not wait for us. Firing an ineffective shot or two they turned to one side and vanished in the shadow of the hill. Spider turned his horse in.

"Come back!" called Lee. "Come back here, you kid! You crazy!"

Spider paid no attention whatever, but rode on at the best speed his pony could show.

"Come back, I say, or I'll rope your pony an' throw him!" shouted Lee again.

"Have ter get within cast first, an' you can't do it," returned Spider defiantly. What he said was quite true. We were losing ground at every stride. We were well into the shadow now.

"Come back!" I called in despair. "Will you obey orders or not?" Spider stopped instantly.

"Course, if it's an order it goes," he said. "But what d'you want pull up fer when we jus' got er chance ter get them thieves?" Lee had no words to waste at the time. He took Spider by the collar of his flannel shirt, lifted him half out of his saddle, shook him soundly, cuffed his ears and then returned him, with a thump, to his seat.

"S'pose you wanter get er hole shot in your foot little hide jus' because you think it's smart," said Lee, when he had completed these operations to his satisfaction. "You couldn't tell where them rustlers was a-waitin' for you in the dark there. Now get them cattle movin' fer home or I'll take off yet chaps an' spank you with 'em!" To my great surprise Spider took these corrections and cauterized away to obey his orders without a word. But, then, Lee had always been very good to Spider.

"S'pose I really oughter not a shoo' 'im so," the cowboy went on regretfully when Spider had left. "I couldn't let 'im get so uppity, though. Ther wouldn't be no livin' in the same camp with 'im. But he scared me, that's a fact. That's really why I thinkeen 'im. I'd be mighty sorry if that kid got hurt, an' he was fixin' ter get hurt the very best he knewed. Here he comes, now, grinnin' so the grin runs over his face all down his back."

"Them rustlers was a-waitin' for me, was they?" called Spider as soon as he got close enough. "Well, jus' you look over there once." He pointed to a moonlit space between two deep shadows nearly a mile away. Three men on horseback were crossing it rapidly, going in the direction of Agua Caliente. There was no doubt about their being the thieves. No other men would have been likely to be in that deserted place at such time, or, if they had been, they would have shown themselves before when Spider was firing distress signals.

"Do you suppose that those fellows will go after more men and then come down on us?" I asked Lee as Spider returned to his work.

"None," replied the cowboy. "They can't afford ter take no chances, er they d'nt staid an fought it out. It ain't no joke fer a man ter get ketched listin' cattle roun' here. You can't raise the country ter go after 'im, an if he's caught he don't get ter jail alive. Them fellers was gander take these here cattle across the line into Mexico—it ain't more'n 20 miles from Agua Caliente—an sell 'em there. Better get them cattle over the divide an' movin' to 'rds home, though, as soon as we kin. It's mos' sun up now."

The cattle, tired and thirsty, started willingly enough toward our camp by the river, but they moved very slowly, after the manner of cattle. We had our hands full in hurrying them, all three of us.

As Lee had said, it was nearly sunrise. The cattle had hardly crossed the low ridge when the summits of the hills were rekindled by the first beams of the sun that shot up over the level edge of the desert. This reminded me of the foreman's threat concerning Agua Caliente and its inhabitants. I had forgotten it until then.

"How far do you think we are from the camp?" I asked Lee.

"Our camp? Ten or eleven miles. More 'way," he replied.

"We can't get there in an hour, then," I said. "Perhaps I had better send Spider on ahead to tell them we're all right."

Lee objected. He could see no reason why we should send any one away. There were only three of us as it was, and there was plenty of work to keep us all busy. Evidently he had not heard what the foreman had said, so I told him. It did not seem to affect his opinion, however. Spider threw up his hat and shouted. The hat fell beyond his reach, but he picked it up without dismounting and evinced a decided inclination to depart immediately for Agua Caliente. I sternly restrained him.

"So the foreman said he'd go over to Agua Caliente for a visit, did he? Well, unless we meet up with the boys as they go, then they'll be with us in two hours from now. When the foreman says he'll do a thing that's the thing he does every trip," commented Lee, grinning delightedly. "But we're right in their track," he added with a reassuring nod.

The foreman was even better than his word. Hardly had Lee finished speaking when a cloud of dust that had been rapidly moving over the desert proved to be the wake that followed our men. Except Hollis, every one of them was there, even the Ballet Girl. He had screwed the spike that decorated the end of his artificial leg into the foot of his horse, for in quicker time than before his song went on.

"The song was even better than his word. Hardly had Lee finished speaking when a cloud of dust that had been rapidly moving over the desert proved to be the wake that followed our men.

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The Best Horseradish.

Some people care for nothing but lemon on raw oysters, but there are others who desire horseradish. Usually such folk regard the strongest horseradish as the best, but an experienced vendor of the condiment, Peter O'Neill of Castle Valley, pool-pools this point of view. "Why should the strong horseradish be considered good?" says he. "It brings tears to your eyes and hits the top of your head off, and makes you want to sneeze. It has no taste whatever. The cold horseradish is the best and pleasantest always. There is nothing so foolish as to think that the strong, biting kind is the fresh-thing; the tea is why it is preferred to the mild sort—for the very steepest, weakest horseradish can be made in twenty minutes strong enough to blow your head off. All you need to do is to add salt to it. Try this some time. Just take any old horseradish, chop it a spoonful of salt and then notice the difference. I don't know who's it should have such a powerful effect on the stuff, but no doubt a chemist could tell you that."—Philadelphia Record.

To Avert the Possibility.

"It is my duty to tell you," said the physician, "that your condition is very serious."

"Do the best you can for me, doctor," groaned Mr. Bullion. "It is such a disgrace to die rich!"—Chicago Tribune.

Subject to delay, changes and corrections without notice.

Office at Portsmouth, R. I., is connected with long distance telephone. Special care may be had upon application of this company at the office of the globe street, corner of State and Fall River.

R. S. GIFFE, General Manager.

GEAR FALLS THROUGH A ROOF.

He Causes Great Excitement in a Pennsylvania Household.

Samuel Reid, a prosperous Montgomery County farmer, has been kept busy telling and retelling how on Sunday he and his family were literally raged in their home by a huge bear, which finally broke through the roof and fell into the room where their baby boy was sleeping.

Mr. Reid's pretty little two-story cottage is in an apple orchard three miles north of Willow Grove. He comes to Philadelphia on market days, having a stand in the Kensington market. There it was that his friends gathered yesterday to hear him tell of his thrilling experience.

It was about 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Reid says, that he and his wife, having put their three-year-old boy to bed, started out to enjoy the afternoon air. Just at the end of the orchard a strange sight met their eyes. Two hundred feet from the house, coming directly toward them, was a huge bear, lumbering along with two Italians in hot pursuit. With a dash the Reid's fled inside and bolted the door. After recovering from their first fright they ventured to look out of a window, when to their surprise and horror, they spied Bruin seated at the top of an apple tree, one great branch of which overhangs the cottage.

The two Italians below danced around, gesticulated and howled in vain. In answer to Reid's question, it did not take the two Italians long to explain to the farmer that the bear was a pet, which they exhibited. They intended taking him to Reading, but he broke his chain and ran off.

A council of war was held, and for the next hour all sorts of devices were made use of to induce the animal to descend, but he would not budge. All the bear were in despair when new actors appeared upon the scene. Three hunters, whose usual Sunday tramp had apparently yielded them nothing so far, came in sight. Seeing the bear they stopped in astonishment.

Then, not knowing it was tame, and anxious to distinguish themselves, they opened fire upon the animal.

At the first shot Bruin was perceptibly alarmed. At the second volley he made a mad rush along the bough overhanging the house, lost his footing and fell plump upon the flat roof. Right through he went into the baby's room, to the immense fright of Mrs. Reid. The Italians, however, dashed into the house and upstairs. There they found things in confusion. The furniture had been smashed by the infuriated animal, but the child was not injured. The bear had not succeeded in removing his muzzle. Throwing themselves on the animal, the Italians, by the use of a whip, brought him into subjection. Then, leading him downstairs, they speedily decamped, leaving a party of foolish hunters to look blank and a Montgomery county farmer to bewail the loss of some \$50 worth of house furniture and a damaged roof.—Phil. North American.

COSTLY FURS.

Alaskan Islands That Produce Skins Worth As Much as \$700 Each.

C. R. Isham, United States Commissioner of Unga Islands, Alaska, while at Tacoma on his way to Washington recently, said:

"Unga Island is the great centre of the sea otter and fox skin industries, and virtually all the inhabitants are engaged in hunting one or both of these. The catch is important, though the number of animals is not large. For instance, this year the eleven islands of the Shumagin group, including Unga, produced from the surrounding waters thirty-four sea otters. The value of these skins is \$700 each. Besides this, the islands are producing black and blue fox skins in large numbers. One island alone has produced up to the time I left about skins, worth \$10 each, or \$900.

Other islands are also producing steadily. The black foxes were planted originally in Unga, Sanak, Belofsky and other islands by the Russian-American Fur Company to augment the scant supply after the company's men had been long trapping on the islands. After the United States had had the trapping for some years our government leased the eleven islands to different traders and Aleut chiefs for the purpose of raising blue foxes.

The islands were well stocked with the blue variety, and these have been crossed with the black in many cases, and an occasionally fine fur resulted.

"This year the natives of Belofsky Island caught seventeen sea otter, enough to carry the whole village of 250 people through the winter in good shape. The Indians go forth on the sea in their bidarks and shoot the otter with their shotguns, as a rule. In some cases they use nets, but shooting them in the usual way. These otter skins are the best found in any market in the world."

"I am going to Washington now to try to get the government to erect board houses on the islands for the use of the Indians in drying salmon, and I also desire to get a medical dispensary and a doctor for the Indians. Diseases of different kinds have broken out among them. Substantially the Aleut need, besides this, only flour, tea and ammunition, and these supplies they can buy of the traders from their otter and fox skin catches. There are plenty of codfish, eggs of wild fowl and some game, in addition to the salmon, as a general thing, but once in a while there is a hard year, and the Indians have to live on roots and herbs."—Tacoma Ledger.

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The child's pencil and chalk drawings show a remarkable sense of observation, and her devotion to her new found pleasure is something almost abnormal. She gives her time to it, to the detriment of all her other studies, heedless of rebukes. Only the other day her teacher caught her in church suppositionally drawing some big lazy pigs sunning themselves in a field of daisies. And the pigs were very lifelike pigs at that.

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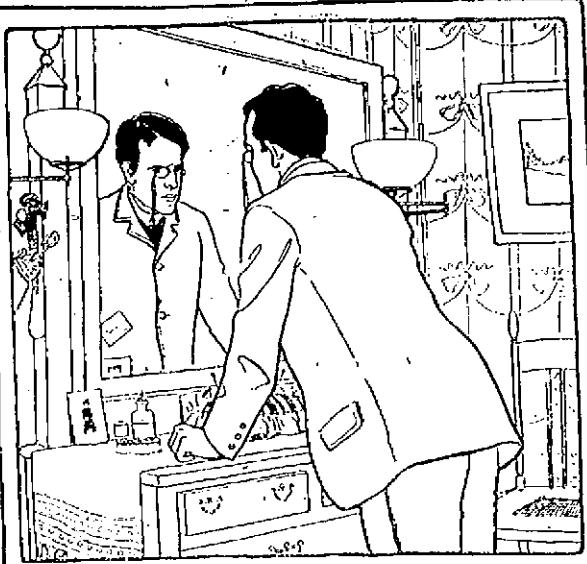
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TO THE MAN WHO THINKS.

BOOK yourself squarely in the face and see if you are not half ashamed to be without Ivory Soap in your house. Worse than this, your wife is without it. It is bad enough for a man, though a man often doesn't care how his comfort is mis-spelled. But a woman misses all these little helps to housekeeping. And Ivory Soap is one; its great potency makes it actually cheaper than yellow soap for general work. It floats.

COT, EIGHT EASY BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

HARD TIMES IN PUERTO RICO.

People in Country Districts on Verge of Starvation, and Want Food and Work. San Juan, P. R., April 6.—Delegations representing the country poor arrive almost daily at the palace. They tell the usual story of starvation and want, and they ask for food and work. Two important delegations have appeared this week, the latest being from Aguas Buenas, consisting of 100 men and 50 women in procession, headed by two 10-year-old girls carrying black flags to signify that they were mourning for existing conditions.

Although the situation is certainly very bad, it is the opinion of many in authority that, in some instances, the applicants for relief are really directed by political bosses, who hope to secure good work. For instance, 5000 rations have already been issued weekly at Aguas Buenas for the last three months. Further material relief will follow from the recent granting of road making contracts, involving an outlay of \$600,000, although the authorities have not yet announced how they propose to distribute the appropriation.

The pier strikers are quiet, no further demonstrations having been made. The property, however, is still guarded by the troops. All the native labor from St. Thomas has been dismissed, and American labor only will be employed.

Guilty of Counterfeiting.

Boston, April 6.—The trial of Porter N. Bliss, charged with counterfeiting, ended Thursday evening, with a verdict of guilty. Bliss was indicted jointly with George W. Hatchfield, a printer, and William Davis, who operated a counterfeiting plant at Wintrop. Spurious Dominion of Canada bills were manufactured there, and circulated in Canada by confederates. Davis acknowledged his guilty sometime ago, and was sent to state prison for long term. Hatchfield was convicted some days ago. He stated Davis in printing the counterfeit notes. Bliss, who is a photographer, made the negatives for the plates. Hatchfield and Bliss will be sentenced later.

Canadian Carried Off the Honor.

New York, April 6.—H. D. Bates, a young field shooter of St. Thomas, Ont., a man who was comparatively unknown in the trap shooting world until yesterday, has won the grand American handicap, the most important event of the year for wing shots. He has shot only twice previously in pigeon shooting tournaments and has never before competed in the event that he won in such magnificent fashion yesterday. There was \$5555 in the sweepstakes, divided into 21 money.

The Wonderful Kearsarge.

Newport News, Va., April 6.—The battleship Kearsarge returned to Old Point last night, after being at sea 18 hours, with the naval board of inspection. The test of the superimposed turrets proved eminently satisfactory. All the big guns were fired simultaneously, and the result stamped the new invention a decided success. It is understood that the board has reported the test to the navy department as an unqualified success.

Finances Now on a Good Basis.

Malden, Mass., April 6.—Elisha S. Converse, Malden's first mayor, has called the debt of the Malden Young Men's Christian Association by mailing the treasurer of that organization a check for \$16,000. The committee appointed to lift the debt of the association, with the aid of several smaller pledges, will now be able to put the finances of the association on a solid basis.

New Bedford Has the Shakes.

New Bedford, Mass., April 6.—An earthquake was plainly felt in this city at noon Tuesday. It was accompanied by a heavy, low rumble, and houses and business blocks trembled, in some cases to such an extent as to alarm the inmates. Not one tremor of the earth was noticed.

First Knuckles Was Incorrect.

Spencer, Mass., April 6.—In the recount of the license vote an error, which threw out 26 "yes" votes, was discovered. This has the effect of changing the vote from the "yes" to the "no" column. As the vote now stands Spencer declares for no license by a majority of 22.

First Dickens Found in the Galapagos.

Guayaquil, April 6.—The government of Ecuador authorizes an official dental report that negotiations are in progress for the sale to the United States of the Galapagos Islands.

Quincy Manufacturers' Ultimatum.

Quincy, Mass., April 6.—The Quincy Granite Manufacturers' association on Tuesday night voted to adhere to its former offer of nine hours' pay for an eight-hour day, with a minimum wage scale of \$2.52, and an average rate of \$2.50, and, in case this offer is rejected, to open the yards with non-union cutters.

Amesbury's Carriage Shipments.

Amesbury, Mass., April 6.—The carriage shipments from this town for the month of March were 1052. Owing to the large orders for automobile bodies recently placed with the several firms it is expected that the shipments in the coming months will be greatly in excess of last year.

Brass Knuckles No Avail.

Manville, R. I., April 6.—Michael Chadelaine, a local newspaperman, was knocked down and robbed of \$5 while in a remote part of Lincoln early Tuesday morning. Chadelaine, having brass knuckles, put up a strong fight, but the robber fired three shots, one bullet passing through his hat and another through his hand. Chadelaine then fainted and the robber secured the money.

Gehel Said to Have Been Warned.

Frankfort, Ky., April 6.—The grand jury heard several witnesses in connection with the Gehel assassination yesterday. Miss Sallie Jackson is said to have testified that she heard a conversation between a prominent state officer and his wife, and that she went to Gehel and warned him.

BOERS CLOSING IN.

Evidently Inclined to Attempt Recapture of Bloemfontein.

"Conquered" Paris of Free State Do Not Appear to Be Settled.

London, April 6.—Little news gets through from South Africa and no actual achievement on either side is reported. The correspondents at Bloemfontein, in brief dispatches to which the increasingly rigorous censorship limits them, concur in saying that the Boers, emboldened by General Roberts' inactivity and their recent successes, seem inclined to take the offensive, with the idea of carrying out President Kruger's reported boast that he would reoccupy Bloemfontein. Their efforts seem to be directed to cutting the British communication south, and considerable precautions have been taken to prevent their doing this.

General Gauche is at Springfield, co-operating with General Roberts to protect the railroad. The measures taken for the protection of Bloemfontein include the mounting of four 47 inch naval guns and four naval 12-pounders on the kopjes commanding the surrounding plains. One correspondent declares that the situation is most satisfactory, despite Saturday's mishap, but there is much evidence that the so-called conquered parts of the Orange Free State are by no means settled, and that a number of buccaneers who outwardly submitted to the force do not accept the new rule willingly.

There is a leakage of information regarding the British movements, and many Dutch sympathizers in Bloemfontein have been arrested in consequence, much to their apparent surprise.

Much anxiety is felt as to the water supply, despite the statements made home that there is no fear of a water famine.

Whatever the reason may be, considerable dissatisfaction is beginning to be expressed here at the unaccountable delay, both at Bloemfontein and in Natal, which enables the Boers to recover from the demoralization caused by Lord Roberts' former rapid movements. The enemy now evidently hope to retard the advance by threatening the railway behind Lord Roberts. So far as the Natal railways are concerned, repairs are being made beyond Blantyre, and the idea, so often repeated, is that an advance is imminent.

Thabanehu is still held by the Boers, who also continue to hold the waterworks. The Boers across the Molteno river are in some strength. East of Bloemfontein the mounted infantry are in touch with them at Bushman's kop, 12 miles distant.

A special dispatch from Lorenzo Marquez says sharp fighting occurred April 2 in the neighborhood of Mafeking. The garrison made a sortie, while Colonel Plumer's cavalry attacked the Boers at Ramathlathama. Both attacks were repulsed. Twenty of Colonel Plumer's men were found dead on the field, and six others were made prisoners. The federal losses were small.

Death of Major Macnamara.

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Poetry.

Stubbed His Toe.

Did ye never pass a youngster, it'd been and stumbled late? An' was cryin' by the roadside, sorrier quiet like an' slow, A-baldin' of his dusky foot, all hard and bony and bare. An' the poor kid from his eyes th' tears that's gatherin' there? Ye hear him sorrier sobbin' like an' aunnelin' of his nose, An' ye stop an' put his hand an' sorrier try to ease the woe? Ye're sorrier kind like, un' th' fast thing that's kind, in' th' fast He's up an' off in' mornin'—clean forgot he stumbled late.

'Long the road of human life, ye see a fellow layin' his load. An' like a son you'd find he's some poor chink in' the wall— He was makin' swimmin' his way, but he An' he'd kept a keepin' on' onward an' they left him alone. He ain't soakin' or albin'—he's too old for trainin' like. But he's givin' less as earnest, if it only comes in' aghy. An' it does a heap of good sometimes to go a' round an' An' it's a good o' comfort to th' man that's stumbled his toe.

Ye'r never sure yourself, but th' ain't no earthly way to know. Jen' when it's goin' to come y'er turn to trip Today, y'er swimmin', in' the bright An' tomorrow y'er a' swimmin' an' y'er strung out in' the snow. Jen' th' things you've got the world in' Is th' very th' y'ell that, et y'er th' likes to slip. An' it's mighty comfortin' to have some fellin' on, I know. An' comfort ye and try to help ye when ye've stumbled yet.

Selected Tale.

Plant No. 8,063.

My friend Wilmore told me a surprising story the other day. Doctors and Wilmore is one—do meet with surprising cases at times.

I had not seen my friend for some time when he invited me to spend a few days with him at his pretty villa overlooking the Royal gardens at Kew. On the first evening of my visit I sat with him on the balcony of an upper room.

Close to us was the great palmhouse, Wilmore pointed to it.

"Whenever I look at that house," he said, "I think of the events of a night that I spent in it with a man who would have committed a murder had I not been instrumental in preventing him."

I told what any one else would have done—asked Wilmore to tell his story. "Don't mind if I do," he replied, "only I must not be too long about it."

Well, it is almost twenty-five years since I settled here near this wonderful garden. I put up my brass plate and waited for patients. I could do this with little anxiety, for I had a slight income to keep me going.

There came to Kew about the same time a colonel, his wife and his daughter. Apparently they did not intend to reside here permanently—they took a furnished house by the quarter.

I met the three of them in the gardens constantly. Like myself, they had obtained a private pass and used to enter by that little gate opposite to us. They were seldom in the gardens when the general public were admitted.

To be candid with you, the beauty of the colonel's daughter was to me far more enchanting than the beauty of the gardens. Yes, it was a case of love at first sight.

I am not going to describe her except to say that every man before he reaches my age experiences the sort of intoxication that I did then, and to him the beauty of the loved object is incomparable.

The girl, I must tell you, was one of the most healthy-looking girls I have ever seen. We doctors know of a glance where health lies its abode.

I took a dislike to the colonel—naturally, perhaps, for he seemed to guard his daughter with exceeding sternness. He disliked me, too, it was plain. I shall never forget how he used to watch me and frown. Though I was in love, I was not quite devoid of reason, and could find many excuses for the man's apparent antagonism. Doubtless he wanted a quiet time, as I did. Besides, the colonel might well have imagined at times that I followed them. It had really reached that stage with me that I felt despondent when I could not see them. Of the colonel's wife I need say little—she seemed to be an unusually modest, quiet, even timid, woman.

For two weeks I had to be absent from Kew on business.

On returning, my first visit was to the gardens,—to the rhododendron walk. They were a splendid sight, but I saw nothing of them—I was looking for a face. Just as I reached the open I saw three figures coming from the direction of the grove of bamboo.

I fancied I betrayed my feelings a little—I could not help it. I was shocked, almost paralyzed, to see the girl, up in whose brain every fiber of my brain had dwelt, supported by her mother, pale, sickly, utterly broken down in health.

She looked at me—oh, what a pitiful look! Her eyes were unnaturally large and unnaturally bright. Her face had become thin; its color had deepened. She was plainly suffering from some sort of slow fever, a fever that was consuming her strength little by little.

Later in the day I was at the railway station, getting some books from Smith's library. I saw the colonel at the ticket office. He was inquiring for a ticket to Holyhead. He did not see me.

It occurred to my mind all at once that I might see his wife and daughter by themselves next day. Perhaps I should have a chance to introduce myself in my professional capacity. That night I concerted all sorts of plans. In the morning I was in the gardens early. As the time drew nigh that those whom I wished to see arrived I was close to their customary gate. They came in somewhat late, and I followed them. I felt mean—very mean—in doing so.

They made their way to the quietest place in the gardens—the rhododendron valley. There is a fountain beside the path to it. They stopped at it. I saw the elder lady take a handkerchief, satuate it at the fountain and apply it to the girl's forehead as she stood beneath the arching shade of a yew-tree, leaning against a branch of it. Presently they proceeded slowly, I following. Fortunately there were no others at that early hour to see me. The two disappeared round a turning into the valley. As they did so I saw something white fall. When I reached it, I found it to be a handkerchief.

Well, as was telling the story, I had better tell it all. I put the handkerchief to my lips and kissed it. To my amazement an odor came from it that I had smelled but once before and had never forgotten. It was the odor of his Thing plant.

It was a fortunate thing that I had travelled in the east. While doing so I met a lady, the wife of a Madras artillery officer, who told me that she was on the point of death. She described her sickness most carefully. None of her doctors had been able to cure her. She had done some service to the medicine man of the station. He was noted among his caste for skill in curing by means of herbs. He begged that he might see the lady and at last was allowed. He entered the room, looked at her, went about in an amazing manner, smelling everything on the bed, the upholstery, the rugs, curtains, blinds, and reached the widow. There he pointed upon a plant that the officer's wife had for many years, having brought it from her own English home. The medicine man plucked from the pot a small seed that had not been attended to. With a cry of delight he said that the shrub's wife had been kept awake almost all night.

Work back and forth for 14 rows, widening twice on each shoulder, and out in middle of back in every row. Always work 21 half double before first widening, and increase the number of stitches between widening on the shoulders in each row, thus: In third row 5 between fourth 6, fifth 6, sixth 10, seventh 12, eighth 15, ninth 18, tenth 19, 11th 21, 12th 22, 13th 25, 14th 26, and in the middle of back widen every time in same stitch.

Very well, I will," said the doctor, who lifted his cane and struck a decanter that stood on the table. It was filled with brandy. His blow broke the decanter, of course, and the sick man "a' vexed, but he had to listen to what the doctor said.

"I've struck at the root of your trouble," said the doctor. "Give up your brandy and wine, eating rich food, throw away your pipe, and go out in the air, take proper exercise and you'll get well."

The body of the jacket and sleeves are made in shells of 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble in a place. Begin at the front corner of yoke and make 10 shells, one in every other stitch in yoke, turn, and make three more rows, a shell in a shell, break yarn. Leave 20 stitches for the sleeve and work 3 rows of shells, 3 in a row, for the back; leave 30 stitches for other sleeve, and make 3 rows of 10 shells each for other side of front.

From the front edge work back and forth the whole width of the jacket, placing a shell in a shell until you have 20 more rows.

For the sleeve, take up 21 shells, 15 in the yoke stitches and 6 in the shells of the jacket, and make 15 rows for each sleeve.

For the wrist make 30 half double in lower edge and work back and forth for ten rows; then crochet the edges together. All around the neck and the edge of the sleeves work shells of 3 treble fastened with single.

Place a shell in every other shell of the jacket.

Around the shells work a chain of 8 with the color, and fasten with single crochet. Finish with pink ribbons.—Eva M. Niles.

The Workbox.

BABY'S CROCHETED JACKET.

Materials: One skein of Fleisher's three-thread white sashay, and one skein each of two-thread white and pink sashay. A bone hook.

Begin the neck with a chain of 8 stitches. The stitch for the yoke and cuffs is half double crochet, which is: yarn over hook, insert hook in stitch, then draw thread through three stitches on hook; when you want to widen place two of these half double crochet in the same stitch.

1st row—21 half double, widen, 21 half double, widen, 21 half double, widen, 21 half double, turn.

2d row—21 half double, widen, 21 half double, widen, 18 half double, widen, 19 half double, widen, 2 half double, 20 half double, widen, turn.

Work back and forth for 14 rows, widening twice on each shoulder, and out in middle of back in every row.

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Stunted.

Mortimer, I called on the Newpops in their new suburban home yesterday.

Montgomery. You saw their baby, then? Ten? Is it a tiny little mite?

Mortimer. Yes, but what could you expect? It passed the first six months of its life in a flat, you know.—Cathole Standard.

"That's it! I called it from here!"

"I'm any one lately inquired about this plant?" asked the director.

The director again consulted the books.

"There is an entry here—yes, Colonel

—called, under special inquiries about the Thug plant, and was taken to see it in the palmhouse."

The director asked its number.

"9,003," was the reply.

"We will go to the palmhouse," said the director, "and have a look at 9,003 and see if it has been disturbed. I believe it is a good size. It is some time since I saw it on its arrival."

He prepared a dark lantern and the key to the palmhouse. We started for it. The director told me what he knew of the colonel and his family. It had occurred to me many times how little the girl resembled the colonel. She was his stepdaughter, I was now told. The director's wife knew the girl's mother. She had married a second time. In a few months on coming of age the girl would inherit a considerable fortune—the reversion of her property in case of her death would be to the mother—and that," said the director, "means the colonel."

We were going through the herbarium garden and just emerged into an avenue when we saw a figure passing rapidly into the express walk.

"What's that?" said the director in a low tone.

"The colonel?" I answered, grasping his arm.

"What is he about?" he asked.

"Let us follow," I said, "and carefully. He may be after the plant."

Down through the avenue of express trees we kept the colonel's shadow in view. Then we watched him passing along the margin of the ornamental water. The shrill cry of a startled sea gull made us clutch one another.

"Let us stand here," said the director.

"We can watch the house well."

We stood by magnolia. The colonel, with rapid strides, made for the great house of glass. He had to cross a wide, unsheltered space. My companion had his doubts, but the identity of the figure was now too clear.

"It's he!" he ejaculated.

The colonel went round to a side entrance. We glided round also to keep him in view.

"Why?" said the director, "he's in without a key!" Some one has been bribed. We will go to the opposite door.

I know where the plant is."

We went. Outside the door we removed our boots. Taking them with us, we crept in like burglars.

In few moments we reached the foot of a winding iron stairway, partly hidden by creeping plants and the surrounding palms and shrubs. We ascended noiselessly.

Presently the director caught my arm, stopped me and pointed below. There was the colonel. He was leaning against a palm trunk looking down intently at a bush covered with a white cloth.

"Well, my dear, are you coming on nicely with your music?" "Oh, yes, mamma. Last month when I played my violin, I might go in without wiping my feet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mamma. What is Willie crying about?

Brigid. Shure, m'ain, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's.

Mamma. Well, why didn't you let him go?

Brigid. They were havin' charades, he said, m'ain, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet.—Exchange.

Walter. Doctor, something terrible has happened; this has just stolen your heart.

"It does not matter, I'll soon get it again. The thief will try to pawn it, and every pawnbroker in town knows that it's mine."—Flegie Blatter.

"Well, my dear, are you coming on nicely with your music?" "Oh, yes, mamma. Last month when I played my violin, I might go in without wiping my feet."

"Quite true," assented the eye; "she always affects that way. Even if she only says she's going to sing I weep bitterly."—Moonshine.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paraffin, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and relieves Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Tooth-ache. Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chat H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Two Wise Dogs.

A Worcester dog takes the banner for the display of human traits. The owner of the intelligent animal has the Spy left at the door every morning. It has been the duty of the dog to carry the paper from the doorsteps into the family circle at the breakfast table. This self-imposed task was a source of much pleasure to the dog, and he continued until one rainy morning. Then the careful housewife objected to the presence of a wet dog in her well-kept kitchen. Instead of allowing the faithful animal to bring in the paper in his teeth as had been his wont, she went to the piazza, and carried the paper to her husband. The dog was not pleased. The next morning it rained again, but this time the dog secured the paper and carried it into the kitchen. He was given a sound thrashing for shaking himself in the kitchen. On three rainy mornings thereafter there was no paper to be found. The dog kept in the background until it was discovered that he had rifled the papers and hidden them in the back yard. Rain or shine, the intelligent animal is now received in the kitchen every morning.

Leo, a famous dog belonging to the Women's and Children's Hospital of Cork, Ireland, has just died, in that city. Leo was well known in Ireland and in many parts of England; for he was a solicitor of contributions for the institution with which he was connected, and had collected over a thousand pounds for charity. He roamed about the streets of various cities with an Alpine barrel slung around his neck, and in this receptacle benevolent persons placed donations. On one occasion the Prince of Wales offered a cup for the dog which should collect the largest amount for the hospital, and Leo won the prize.

Mr. Harlan Flattie—So you find it more advantageous to live in Lonesome than you do in the city? Mr. Barren Waste—Well, I should say! What was I when I lived in New York? Why, nothing but a mere human being; one of four million, nothing more! Now look at me. What am I now? Why, president of the Lonesomehurt Bean-Bag and Checker club; secretary of the Train-Catchers' Social club, and assistant foreman of the Lonesomehurt engine company No. 1. Don't say New York to me!—Puck.

"My man," urged Rev. Mr. Goodley, "can I not induce you to come into church?"

"Oh, now, less, I—er—" the poor tramp stammered.

"I hope you have no prejudice against the Church; the good man continued eagerly. "No unpleasant recollection of your past suggested?"

"Oh, no! I ain't got no grudge ag'in the church. Mine was a home weddin'."—Philadelphia Press.

"This Porto Rico business reminds me of Dick Sniffs."

"What did Dick do?"

"He invited a lot of us to a picnic out at his uncle's country place, and then took up a collection for expenses on our way home,"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Madam," said the agent, "I am selling a condensed history of the United States. May I show it?"

"No," she interrupted, "we don't want anything condensed. We've decided to give up our flat and take a house this spring."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Harry. "I hear a good deal about tact. What is it, any way?"

Uncle George. "It is a quality that prevents us from saying 'I've heard that story before,' when a friend has prided himself upon telling one that is going to make us laugh ourselves almost to death."

Tommy. "Say, paw."

Mr. Figg. "Wal."

"What is a 'kopej'?"

"A kopej is a place where the British stop, and it generally has a Boer or two on top."—Indianapolis Press.

Hicks. "Did you ever notice that all pugilists are inveterate talkers?"

Wicks. "That usually is the case, I believe; but let us be thankful that all talkers are not pugilists."

He. "They say that love begets love, you know."

She. "Yes. Perhaps that is the reason why when you give your love to a man he spreads it around among two, three or half a dozen women."

In what four respects does a caller resemble a lover? First, he comes to adore. Next, he gives the maid his name. Then, if he does not find her out, he is taken in.—Independent.

"He has had a long and successful career in politics, I believe."

"Yes, he has bought his way into the Senate four times without being investigated."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Pennoyer. "Why do so many of these prize-fighters call themselves the 'kid'?"

Prettwit. "I suppose it is because it is so hard to put a kid to sleep."—Hartford Times.

"What's a sovonten, Aunt Ann?"

"Oh, it's anything you keep so long that you can't remember where you got it."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Americans use 250,000,000 poker chips annually." The original outlay is inconsiderable in comparison with their subsequent cost.

Women's Dep't.

Feminine Ideals.

Miss Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College, was the speaker on last Saturday in the Twentieth Century Club's course of university lectures. Her subject was "Ideals in the Education of Women." She said in part:

The persistence of the ideal is one of the most wonderful things in life. It is handed down from one generation to another as if in itself it had life. The old painters and poets embodied their ideals in feminine form. Time was when every grove and stream had its own nymph, and mythology gave us not only Venus and Juno but Pallas Athene, the divine wisdom. With the coming of Christianity the virtues took their place as women. Mercy and wisdom and purity not only were represented in feminine form, but the more masculine virtues, justice and fortitude, were presented to the eye as robed and crowned women. This longing of the soul for a visible embodiment of truth and purity found expression in the worship of the Virgin Mary. From time immemorial all that men have conceived as best and noblest in life has been represented to them in the form of a woman. In our modern world and with the change of ideals which the progress of time has brought, it is still the eternal feminine which leads men on.

In the matter of education the main question is, What results are we aiming at? In order to determine this we must make some fundamental inquiries as to the position of women in our modern life. There are three ways in which women are pre-eminent—they are the binders together of society; they are the beautifiers of life; and they are the conservers of morals. Thus women must stand for conservatism, for grace, for purity; and in these three directions they must have special training. Wise conservatism must be founded on law, and law must teach obedience, which lies at the root of all growth. Those who are to interpret beauty must have a knowledge of what is beautiful and the training of the perceptive faculties has to be undertaken in a very thorough and serious way. No one can reproduce what he is not absolute master of; and beauty to wield any influence on life and character must be deeply absorbed and enter into the personality of its exponent. And in the third place, beauty must pass into duty. This is the supreme task of all education, the training of the soul. How shall duty govern conduct? What fruit of personality shall be the product of training? It is women who must answer many of these questions, for women are the guardians of morals. Women ought to be the spiritual leaders of the world.

Ten Generations of "Ants."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, at a recent Convention, gave a review of the amusing objections that have been urged by the conservatives, men and women alike, against every step in the progress of women, from the days when the subject of geography was considered so un feminine that a girl who ventured to study it was jeered after in the streets with the cry, "There goes the geography girl!" Of the effort to secure equal suffrage, Mrs. Chapman Catt said:

We are told this movement is quite different from all others in that there has been a determined opposition of women against it; but the remonstrant is not new. This century has witnessed ten generations of remonstrants. In 1850 the remonstrant was horrified at the study of geography. In 1810 she accepted geography, but protested against physiology. In 1820 she accepted physiology, but protested against geometry. In 1830 she accepted geometry but protested against collegiate education. In 1840 she accepted the college, but remonstrated against equal property laws for married women. In 1850 she accepted the property laws but remonstrated against public speaking by women. In 1860 she protested against the freedom of organization. In 1870 she remonstrated against the professions for women. In 1880 she protested against school suffrage. In 1890 she protested against women in office. In 1900 she accepts everything that every generation of remonstrants have protested against, and, availing herself of the woman's rights' movement, pleads publicly that she may be saved the burden of voting for President.

A Bad Bill.

About twenty years ago, after much labor, the American Humane Society succeeded in getting a national law providing that no cattle, sheep, or other animals should be confined in transit without food or water for more than twenty-eight consecutive hours. It has always been a struggle to enforce this law; but with the growth of humane sentiment and increased organization it has been more and more effectively applied. Now shippers have succeeded in introducing in the United States Senate, through the Committee on Interstate Commerce, a bill seeking to extend the hours from twenty-eight to forty. Women who do not believe that animals ought to be kept forty hours without food or water, and who do not think the flesh of animals so treated is made more wholesome as meat, would be glad to vote against this measure. As they cannot do that, let them write promptly to their Senators and Representatives in Congress, protesting against the passage of the bill.

A Learned woman whose husband hires the washing done is reported to be the most economical woman in Kansas," says Austin Neal. "When she sees the baby she puts an apron on over its dress, then a bib over the apron, a clean rag around the baby's neck over the bib, and then holds one hand under the baby's chin while she feeds it with the other. By practice of this sort of economy she has enabled her husband to save nine thousand dollars in the last seven years."

The following comes from an Australian school magazine: "If we break a magnet in halves each piece becomes a magnet. If we break each piece in halves each of the smaller pieces becomes a magnet, until we come to something which we cannot split up. Each of these pieces which cannot be split up further is called a microbe."—Household Words.

"Of course," said Senator Sorgum, "Dewey is a remarkable man, but—" "You are not going to qualify your praise?" "Well, I admire his courage and all that, but I must say that when a man with his opportunities stands up and refuses to run for office it sets a mighty bad precedent."—Washington Star.

The first candidate rose and said: "I fought for you, my friends, and today the bones of my right arm are bleaching among the hills of Tennessee!" The second candidate followed with: "My left leg friends, lies listless in the shadow of the Virginia vales!" "Both of my legs," said the third candidate, "are in the Mississippi!" Then the fourth man rose and said: "I went through the war without a scratch. Here are two strong arms to uphold your rights, and two legs to kick till you get 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Manina. If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommy, you will see the bogie man tonight. Tommy (after a moment's thought). Well, give me some more. I might as well settle my mind about the truth of the story once for all.—Tid-Bits.

A hawker was belaboring his poor donkey so unmercifully that an old lady, watching him from her parlor window, at length could stand it no longer. "Have you no mercy?" she cried. "No, ma'am," replied the hawker; "nothing but hard ticks!"—Tid-Bits.

Chas. H. Fletcher

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A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

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DORCHESTER, MASS.

Literary Corner.

McClure's Magazine.

In stories and variety of attraction,

it would be hard to surpass McClure's Magazine for April. The account of the interior of China, especially with reference to its rich provinces is a market for America, written by Mr. W. B. Parsons, Chief Engineer of the American China Development Company, from observations made on his own journeys, and illustrated very fully from photographs taken by him; the account of Professor Huxley's life in London between his twenty-sixth and thirtieth year, when he was having a terrible struggle to maintain himself by purely scientific work, with its self-revealing passages from his unpublished correspondence and its new portrait of him; and the account of the Russian ship "Ernest," the marvelous new life-breaker that gives promise of being able to cut a passage for herself to the Pole; these are all, in their several ways, articles of the strongest interest and the highest value. And just as much may be said for Mr. Walter Wellman's "An Arctic Day and Night"—a chapter from his own experience in house-building, house-keeping, and daily work and sport, including some thrilling bear-hunting, up near the North Pole. In addition, the number offers, on the more strictly literary side, two excellent poems, a heroic story of railroading and Indian fighting on the Plains, a story of English prison life, a story of American newspaper and political life, a love story having to do with a Pacific coast "boom" and an Atlantic coast maiden, and a humorous story by Robert Barr of "a scientific misinterpretation" that involves, especially, England and America. Nearly all of the articles and stories are fully illustrated.

Outing.

Outing, which has passed into the hands of a strong company of enthusiastic sportsmen, comes to us in April in a handsome new cover. It is a number like the burgeoning spring, bursting with new life and the promise of a beautiful harvest. The new pilot, Caspar Whitney, takes his readers through fresh routes, but the port is the one he has ever steered for: Sport for its own sake, and the purity of it; and travel and adventure that make for a nation's virility. Such results follow from Rackets and Tennis, which the world's champion, Eustace H. Miles, discusses; from Trailing the Seal, as did Dr. Holder, from following The Wake of the Bird Lover, or Jaunting Thru' Puerto Rico on a Bicycle, Troutting in Shadow Brook, Hunting the Big Horn in the Colorado Desert, Overhauling Your own Yacht, Advertising Tahawus, Automobiling for Recreation, taking your Form in Golf from Champion Vardon, your opinion on Dogs from that veteran judge, Astley, and on Forest Preserves from Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of the United States. These are some of the features of a number that is illustrated by the pencil and brush of Ernest Seton-Thompson, Arthur Henning, James L. Weston, Oliver Nugent, E. W. Sundys, and others.

Easily Recognized.

At a spiritualistic seance a woman asks the spirit of her late husband to appear. Just then some one stumbles in the darkness in the hall outside the door and falls, making a great noise.

"That's him!" exclaimed the anxious widow. "That's him, and drunk as usual!"—Humoristic Blotter.

Her Notice.

The Judge. Why do you refuse to pay the plaintiff for the four days she worked?

The Suburbanite. She left without giving a notice, your honor.

The Cook. Will you listen to the voices of the dead?—Humoristic Blotter.

Inconsistent.

"You keep me waiting so long!" complained the customer. "Madam," said the worried grocer, who was computing in his business by employing only one clerk, "ain't you the woman that was in here yesterday kicking about short weights?"—Chicago Tribune.

Anticlimax.

"My proudest boast," declared the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns."

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.—Philadelphia Press.

Gracious.

Footman—Excuse me, baron, but I haven't received any wages for four months.

Baron—All right—I excuse you!

A nice young American girl who was engaged for service by a West Philadelphia family, being directed to leave a candlestick and candle in the lower hall for the master of the house, arranged herself by paring a potato into candle shape and sticking a clove into it for a wick. This she made ready with several matches for her employer, who, having turned out the gas, spent five minutes in vainly trying to light the potato candle. Then he stumbled up stairs in the dark and asked his wife to explain. She called upon the maid servant, who replied that it was so lonely there she wanted to be turned off the next day, when she would get all her week's wages, and she adopted the candle expedient.

What do you think about the Puerto Ricans?

"The Puerto Ricans are all right," answered Senator Sorgum. "We could scare them and make money easy if a lot of people in this country who insist on mixing in and talking about the United States constitution and national good faith and all that sort of thing would be quiet?"—Washington Star.

Not Pleasant There.

Mr. Goodly—Don't you realize that in the whole world there is no place like home?

Hobo. Sure. That's the reason I'm so fond of travel.—Philadelphia Press.

Here is a new story about the bishop of Winchester, Dr. Randall Davidson.

After a recent ecclesiastical gathering, as the clergy were trooping in to luncheon, one of the most inebriated officers said: "Now to put a bridle on our appetites." "Now to put a bit between my teeth!" retorted the bishop.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Chas. H. Fletcher

Growing Young.

President Eliot's sixty-sixth birthday reminds me of a story he told me a good many years ago at a Harvard alumnae dinner in a form something like this:

"I cannot acknowledge that as the years go by I am growing old. I have evidence to the contrary. When I was a professor at Cambridge a few years after my graduation I learned that the students spoke of me habitually as 'Old Eliot.' A few nights ago on the other hand, I met a group of students in the street, and when I had passed them I heard one say to the other: 'I wonder where Charlie has been so late.'—Boston Journal.

The Last Straw.

Hix. An acquaintance of mine patented an appliance to enable a girl to play two piano at one time.

Dix. Did he make anything out of it?

Hix. Well, he made a move out of the town. His neighbors threatened to mob him.—Chicago

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following details must be absolutely given: 1. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 2. Mailed or written brief is consistent with clearness. 3. Write on one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the page and the signature, if letter is addressed to contributor, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank space developed, accompanied by the name of the envelope and its signature.

Direct all communications to
R. H. TILLEY, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, 1750-1850.

NEWPORT, July 31, 1784.

Last Sunday arrived here the Brig.-and the Mheria, Capt. Benjamin Pearce from Charleston, South Carolina, with whom came passengers: Lamber Lante, Esq., and Lady, John Gough, Esq., and Lady, Thomas Hooper, Esq., and Lady, Andrew Hassell, Esq., Mrs. Read, Mrs. Shubrick, Mrs. Quash, Miss Read, and Miss Gough, of that city.

A London paper of May 4, says, "On the 25th of April, 1783, died on his Passage from Bengal to Madras, that gallant and distinguished Officer Sir Eyre Coote, who may truly be said to have laid down his life for his King and Country."

This day arrived here from Boston Mrs. Hayley.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF CONGRESS, APRIL 14, 1781.

The delegates of the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, having informed Congress that the legislature of said state, at their session in February last, passed the following resolutions, to wit:

"Resolved, That the delegates of this state be, and they are hereby instructed to use their influence to obtain a recess of Congress as soon as the national business will possibly admit."

It is further voted, that the delegates of this state request that honorable body to adjourn and convene at Rhode Island in the course of the next year, or as soon as may be convenient; and that Congress be informed, that if the aforesaid request shall be acceded to, this state will prepare suitable buildings for their accommodation. And thereupon moved,

That on the 26th day of May next, the President adjourn this Congress until the 26th day of October next, then to meet at Newport, in the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and if a sufficient number of members to form a house should not then meet, that all the business before this Congress unfinished at the time of said adjournment, be referred to the United States in Congress, who shall be assembled at said Newport, on the first Monday in November next.

A motion was made and seconded, to strike out the words "then to meet at Newport, in the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," and afterwards the words "at said Newport." And on the question, shall those words stand? it passed in the negative, and the words were struck out.

A motion was then made and seconded, in lieu of the words struck out, to insert "to meet at Philadelphia?" And on the question, to agree to this, it passed in the negative.

A motion was then made and seconded, to postpone the further consideration of the motion under debate, in order to take up the following: That the states of Maryland and Virginia be informed, that provided they will advance the United States twenty pounds, for erecting the necessary building for the reception of Congress at or near Georgetown at the falls of Potowmack, it shall be allowed them in the requisitions made on them for the year by the United States in Congress assembled. And on the question to postpone for the purpose above mentioned, it passed in the negative.

A motion was then made and seconded, in lieu of the words struck out, to insert "to meet at Alexandria?" And on the question to agree to this amendment, it passed in the negative.

A motion was then made and seconded, in lieu of the words struck out, to insert "to meet at Trenton, in the state of New Jersey, agreeable to their act of the 21st of October last?" And on the question to agree to this, it was resolved in the affirmative. *Newport Mercury* July 31, 1784.

NOTES.

CORRECTION. 1179. HAILE.—Who were the parents of Barnard Haile, Sr., and who was his wife, —, the mother of Elizabeth Haile? — J. M. T.

CORRECTION. 1180. WHEATON.—Did Isaac and Deborah (Hillard) Wheaton, married at Little Compton, R. I., January 29, 1719, have a daughter Deborah, who married Barnard Hill, Jr., born 1732? — J. M. T.

QUERIES.

1187. POOLE.—Samuel Poole, died 1669, probably at Weymouth, Mass. He mentioned wife Mary in his will. Does any one know the maiden name of his wife? They had daughter Mary, born November 29, 1668, and a son William. I do not know the date of his birth. Can any one tell me whom these children married, and if they had any families?

Ruth Poole, of Joseph of Weymouth, Mass., born May 6, 1710, married, March 9, 1732, Josiah Beau. Who was he, and what was his ancestry? I should like a list of their children, if there were any, with dates of birth, marriage and death. — L. E.

1188. SCAMMON.—Humphrey Scammon, born about 1610, died January, 1727-8, had wife Elizabeth. — What was her maiden name? In his will he named five children, Humphrey, Elizabeth, Mary, Rebecca and Samuel. Did these children marry? Who can give me the names of their husbands and wives? I think Rebecca married — Billings. Any information in regard to him gladly received. — A. C.

1189. SAVAGE.—John Savage, of Middletown, Conn., son of John, was born December 2, 1652. Whom did he marry? His brother Thomas was born September 10, 1659, died December of the same year. Did he have any more brothers? — O. N.

1190. NASON.—In the muster roll of Captain Jonathan Eddy's Company, Muster, 1759, at Fort Cumberland, are Thomas and Nathaniel Nason. Can any one tell me from what town they came, and who their brothers and sis-

ters were, also their children, if they had any? — E. Y.

1191. EDDY.—Who was Susannah Paddock, wife of John Eddy, of Plymouth, Mass.? They were married November 12, 1685, and she died March 14, 1687. He married second Deliverance Owen, of Braintree, Mass., May 1, 1687. She survived him, and married — Smith. Who was he, and what was his ancestry? I should be glad to know the parentage of Deliverance Owen, also. — P. A.

1192. ROGERS.—Who was the Samuel Rogers, to whom land was granted on the Penobscot River, 1791? He is entered on the rate bill as a non resident. — N. R.

1193. COOK.—William Cook, of Orington (Maine) and Nahay Cogswell, of Edington Plantation, on the Penobscot River, were married in 1799. Who can give me information about either of them? — N. R.

1194. WARE.—Dr. William Ware, of John and Mehitable (Cuplin) Ware of Wrentham, Mass., born July 4, 1697, married first Zebulon Sweeting, of Lewis and Zebulon Sweeting, second Anna Hodges, third Lydia. — I am in search of the ancestry of the second wife Anna Hodges, and the third wife Lydia. — Anna Hodges was married September 27, 1783, died June 25, 1755, aged 51 years. Of the third wife, I know nothing except that she was named in her husband's will. Dr. Ware died in Dighton, Mass. His gravestone says "Dr. William Ware, died June 11, 1781, aged 67 years lacking 22 days." — C. J. C.

1195. ROGERS, KELLMAN, JENKINS, PAIN.—In a "Return of the Refugees of Nova Scotia, who left that Province in the year 1776, with their former and present places of residence in the United States of elsewhere, June, 1785," are the following from Rhode Island: Captain Samuel Rogers, George Rogers, Captain Mr. Kellman (Amasa) John Kellman, David Jenks, Christopher Pain. Who can tell me who they were, and put me on the track of their ancestry? — N. R.

1196. KOLLOCK.—Has any one investigated the New England Kollock family? Can some one tell me where a Cornelius Kollock, who married at Dorchester, Mass., September 26, 1723, Jerusha, daughter of Ebenezer and Jerusha Billings, connects with the Delaware family? They had two children, Cornelius and Royal, both born at Dorchester, Mass. — M. D.

1197. JENNINGS, LITTLE.—What is the ancestry of Joanna Little, born September 13, 1746, married June 17, 1762, Zebulon Jennings, of Zebulon and Sarah (—) Jennings. He was born in New Jersey, November 26, 1785, died October 16, 1776, and was buried in Westfield, N. J. They had six children: Sarah, Henry, Hezekiah, Jonathan, Susannah and Jacob. Does any one know the maiden name of Sarah, wife of the elder Zebulon Jennings? He was born about 1709, died 1777, and buried at Westfield, N. J. His first wife was the said Sarah. — She was born about 1724, died March 31, 1770, and Zebulon who married Joanna Little was their only child. After her death, Zebulon married Rebecca Squire, but had no children. He was one of the first to come to Westfield, which was set off from the township of Elizabeth, January 27, 1791. He was an elder of the Presbyterian Church there, February 1761. — C. W.

1198. CORNELL.—I would like to know the ancestry of Caroline Brayton Cornell, born 1812, died 1881. She was daughter of Benjamin Cornell and Sarah Brayton. His middle name may have been Clark. His mother's name was Clemence. Benjamin lived in Newport, R. I., until his death, and was a cabinet maker, and a zealous Methodist class leader. Sarah got a divorce from him in Providence. He died about 1824. His mother lived many years after. Her home was near the State House in Newport, a small cottage. In some way she was related to the Banficks. She had a half pew in the Baptist Church. — J. C.

1199. HOLMES.—Can not some one tell about the family of Holmes, who came from Massachusetts to Rehoboth, N. P., and Stomington, Conn., there any history or genealogy in existence, telling of the Holmes family of the above mentioned vicinities? — E. A. S.

1200. STILLMAN.—Can E. C. S. of query 682, of July 29, 1859, on Stillman, tell me the parentage of Martha Stillman, who may have been born between 1744 and 1752, either in Connecticut or Sandisfield, Mass., to which place many families went from Enfield, Wethersfield, Colchester and Norwich, Conn. She married before 1769 Thomas T. Tilden, of Connecticut. Any information or clues greatly appreciated. — E. A. S.

1201. WHITING.—Mary Whiting, of Charles and Elizabeth (Braintree) Whiting, married — Gardner, of Hingham, Mass. She was born 1717, but I have not the date of her marriage and death. Can any one supply them? Also, who was her husband? What was his parentage, and what were the dates of his birth and death? — H. N.

1202. PRIOR.—What was the ancestry of Benjamin Prior, of Duxbury, Mass., who married 1627, Bethiah Pratt, born 1679, daughter of Jonathan and Abigail (Wool) Pratt, of Plymouth, Mass.? Was Joshua Prior, who married 1735, Mary Burnham, of Norwell, Conn., related to the above Benjamin? Joshua and Mary (Burnham) Prior had the following children: — Mary, Elizabeth, Lydia, Eliza, Joshua, Joseph, Benjamin, John, Simon. When were these children born? I also lack the dates of their death. Did any of them marry? If so, whom, and did they have children? — W. O. H.

ANSWERS.

1002. MACKEE.—J. J. C. S. will look in Arnold's Vital Records of Rhode Island, Westerly, he will find this marriage: Ichabod Burdick, of Robert and Bathsheba Mackee, of John and Bathsheba, married by John Taylor, Justice, February 6, 1784. I do not know the parents of Bathsheba (—) Mackee. It is possible that she was the daughter of John and Mary (Beede) Clarke. They had a daughter Bathsheba, who seems to be the only possible one among the Westerly records, but there is no proof. — E. M. T.

Mrs. Timothy Peckham, who has been seriously ill at her residence on Walnut street, is slowly improving in health.

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1198. CORNELL.—I would like to know the ancestry of Caroline Brayton Cornell, born 1812, died 1881. She was daughter of Benjamin Cornell and Sarah Brayton. His middle name may have been Clark. His mother's name was Clemence. Benjamin lived in Newport, R. I., until his death, and was a cabinet maker, and a zealous Methodist class leader. Sarah got a divorce from him in Providence. He died about 1824. His mother lived many years after. Her home was near the State House in Newport, a small cottage. In some way she was related to the Banficks. She had a half pew in the Baptist Church. — J. C.

1199. HOLMES.—Can not some one tell about the family of Holmes, who came from Massachusetts to Rehoboth, N. P., and Stomington, Conn., there any history or genealogy in existence, telling of the Holmes family of the above mentioned vicinities? — E. A. S.

1200. STILLMAN.—Can E. C. S. of query 682, of July 29, 1859, on Stillman, tell me the parentage of Martha Stillman, who may have been born between 1744 and 1752, either in Connecticut or Sandisfield, Mass., to which place many families went from Enfield, Wethersfield, Colchester and Norwich, Conn. She married before 1769 Thomas T. Tilden, of Connecticut. Any information or clues greatly appreciated. — E. A. S.

1201. WHITING.—Mary Whiting, of Charles and Elizabeth (Braintree) Whiting, married — Gardner, of Hingham, Mass. She was born 1717, but I have not the date of her marriage and death. Can any one supply them? Also, who was her husband? What was his parentage, and what were the dates of his birth and death? — H. N.

1202. PRIOR.—What was the ancestry of Benjamin Prior, of Duxbury, Mass., who married 1627, Bethiah Pratt, of Plymouth, Mass.? Was Joshua Prior, who married 1735, Mary Burnham, of Norwell, Conn., related to the above Benjamin? Joshua and Mary (Burnham) Prior had the following children: — Mary, Elizabeth, Lydia, Eliza, Joshua, Joseph, Benjamin, John, Simon. When were these children born? I also lack the dates of their death. Did any of them marry? If so, whom, and did they have children? — W. O. H.

ANSWERS.

1002. MACKEE.—J. J. C. S. will look in Arnold's Vital Records of Rhode Island, Westerly, he will find this marriage: Ichabod Burdick, of Robert and Bathsheba Mackee, of John and Bathsheba, married by John Taylor, Justice, February 6, 1784. I do not know the parents of Bathsheba (—) Mackee. It is possible that she was the daughter of John and Mary (Beede) Clarke. They had a daughter Bathsheba, who seems to be the only possible one among the Westerly records, but there is no proof. — E. M. T.

Mrs. Timothy Peckham, who has been seriously ill at her residence on Walnut street, is slowly improving in health.

1190. NASON.—In the muster roll of Captain Jonathan Eddy's Company, Muster, 1759, at Fort Cumberland, are Thomas and Nathaniel Nason. Can any one tell me from what town they came, and who their brothers and sis-

ters were, also their children, if they had any? — E. Y.

1191. EDDY.—Who was Susannah Paddock, wife of John Eddy, of Plymouth, Mass.? They were married November 12, 1685, and she died March 14, 1687. He married second Deliverance Owen, of Braintree, Mass., May 1, 1687. She survived him, and married — Smith. Who was he, and what was his ancestry? I should be glad to know the parentage of Deliverance Owen, also. — P. A.

1192. ROGERS.—Who was the Samuel Rogers, to whom land was granted on the Penobscot River, 1791? He is entered on the rate bill as a non resident. — N. R.

1193. COOK.—William Cook, of Orington (Maine) and Nahay Cogswell, of Edington Plantation, on the Penobscot River, were married in 1799. Who can give me information about either of them? — N. R.

1194. WARE.—Dr. William Ware, of John and Mehitable (Cuplin) Ware of Wrentham, Mass., born July 4, 1697, married November 12, 1685, and she died March 14, 168